



*The English born, I Foreign Garls adore,
And to compleat myself an Arrant Whore,
I wear Hoop-Petticoat, take Snuff, drink Tea,
And were I damn'd, Pride shall my Darling be.*

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The SECOND PART of
WHIPPING-TOM:

OR, A

R O D

FOR A

PROUD LADY.

Bundled up in FIVE Feeling

DISCOURSES,

Both SERIOUS and MERRY.

In Order to TOUCH

The Fair Sex to the QUICK.

The Modern Vanity of taking Poisonous Snuff.

Drinking Debilitating Tea.

Walking in Scarlet Cloaks.

Wearing the Screen for Great Bellies, call'd *Hoop-*
Petticoats.

And Unnecessary Toilets.

The whole intermix'd with RECIPE'S for curing
The Womens-Evil, and Inoculating Youth and Beauty
upon Old Disfigur'd BEAUX and LADIES.

A L S O

A P O E M, intitl'd, *The Virgin's Dream*;

And, A SATYR on the *Rise and Fall of PRIDE*, &c.

Written by the Author of the First Part.

The Third Edition.

L O N D O N: Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, at the
Bell-Savage on Ludgate-Hill; also at the *Sun* a-
gainst *John's Coffee-House* in *Switton's Alley*, in
Cornhill. 1722. (Price 1 s.)

WHIPPINGTON
The Second Part of

ROD

FOR A
ROUND LABY

Bundled up in Easy Feeling

DISCOURSES

Both Serious and Merry

The Fair Sex to the Quick
In Order to Touch

The Modern / and of taking Poisonous Snuff

Disabling Debilitating Tea

Wearing in Scarlet Cloaks

Wearing the Green for Great Bellics, called Wood

And Unconcerned Toggles

The Wives, determined with Ropes for curing

The Wives, and inoculating Youth and Beauty

Good Old Disgraced Beauty and Laides

APPOINTED BY THE ROYAL MEDICAL SOCIETY

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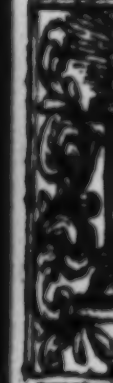
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THE PREFACE.



S Books of Matter of Fact and Truth have no occasion for Prefaces, I sent the First Part of Whipping-Tom into the World, to try his Fortune without one ; and five Editions Demonstrate he has found a favourable Reception among the more serious Part of Mankind, as well as Esteem in the Conversation of modest Women, whether Maids, Wives, or Widows.

But Whipping-Tom having touch'd to the quick our modern Beaux, or Fops, wishing Virgins, conceited Coquets, and Filts, from Whore of Quality, down to her Maid who empties
PART II. B *her*

The P R E F A C E.

her Close-Stool, for these are the grand Admirers of Snuff, Tea, Riding-Hoods, and Hoop-Petticoats; they vow and protest the Author of him is some poxt and bubled Cully, who for his Misfortunes has no other Way to give his Revenge, than by casting Reflections on the Generality of the Female Sex, and their whining Idolaters the Beaux, who are but Pert Coxcombs at the best.

This Information of Whipping-Tom, draws from me a small Preface, to assure them who are nettled with his first feeling Discourse, that I always knew the World too well, to be chous'd out of my Health or Money either, by a Strumpet, whether private or common.

I had always a mortal Antipathy against such Sort of Women, and this Antipathy has often forc'd me to call Homer a Blockhead; for tho' some who are in Love with this blind Author, will hyperbolically assert he enjoy'd the sublimest Genius that the Bounty of Nature could bestow on Man, and that he had not only past through all the Vanities of Human Thought, but also conquer'd all Learned Sciences, was intimately ac-

quainted

The P R E F A C E.

acquainted with all the Policies, Manners, and Actions of Mankind, and attain'd to a most miraculous Mastery in all the Delicacy, Purity, and artful Simplicity of Diction; yet for all these extraordinary Qualifications for Poetry, which is but a light, vain, frothy Sort of an Art, once more I call him Blockhead, in making the greatest, and most gallant Complement that was ever offer'd to an honest Woman, the Characteristick of his Flattery, in passing it upon a Whore, when he says, That the divine Beauty of Helen was in itself a sufficient Excuse, for all the Mischiefs and Miseries of the Ten Years War it created against Troy.

BUT not to be too prolix, as Pride, Luxury, and Excess of Apparel, is an Introduction to Whoredom, I have sent Whipping-Tom once more to lash the Beaus and Females, who devote themselves to Snuff, Tea, Riding-Hoods, and Hoop-Petticoats, by chastizing the first of these Animals with a Poem in blank Verse, in Praise of the Pox; and to the other, the Virgin's Dream, the Jew's Ballad on a Protestant Gentleman's stealing a Jewish Heiress, who being a great Admirer of Snuff and Tea, affected Christian Carnality before circumcis'd Venery; and

The P R E F A C E.

another New Satyr against Pride : But doubting they too much indulge themselves in the Follies and Vices of the Age, they claim such an Hereditary Right to Damnation, that it would be no Solæcism in Charity, to say, That tho' one writ with the Pen of an Angel, they will go to the Devil their own way.

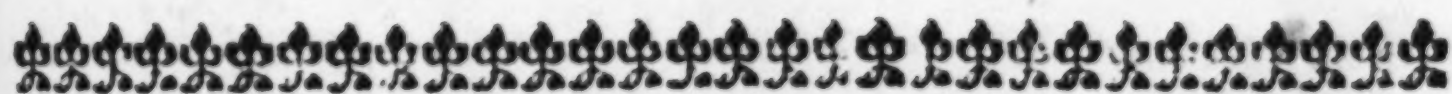


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THE
SECOND PART
OF
WHIPPING-TOM:
OR,
A ROD for a PROUD LADY.



DISCOURSE I.

A New Rod for the SNUFF-Takers.



IS said, *Use is a second Nature*; but
as the Nature of some Things is
very bad, I mean Pride, Luxury,
Excess of Apparel, and Whore-
dom, &c. the Use of these Vices is better to
be avoided than retain'd; especially when
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an habitual Sin does not only impair the Health, but puts *Caron* to the Trouble of waſting the Soul to the dark Dominions of *Pluto*, from whence it is as difficult to get back again to theſe upper Regions, as it will be for a Tricking Lawyer to reverse the Judgment of the Laſt-Day.

But, like Love and Fate, Pride triumphs over all Things, it inſpires Kings and Princes to be Arbitrary, Noblemen to cheat their Creditors, Courtiers to flatter for good Places, all rich Men to mimick or ape Quality, and Beggars, if on Horſeback, to ride to the Devil.

Thoſe who held the Doctrine of *Transmigration*, ſuppos'd, that the Souls of Men and Women, after their Separation from their Bodies, enter'd into ſuch Brutes (then juſt form'd to Life) as they moſt reſembled in thoſe evil Paſſions and Inclinations which they encourag'd in their Human State. If this Sect of Philoſophers had aſſign'd each vicious Temper ſome particular Brute for its Habitation, 'tis not unlikely that they would have given the Soul of her that took Snuff, a Lodging in ſome Horſe that had the Glanders, or Running at the Noſe; and the revengeful Soul a Dwelling in ſome very ugly venomous Creature; or, being at a Loſs for a Receptacle fit for her, would have ſuppos'd her to wander up and down in Anguiſh and Bitterneſs of Thought, finding no Place to reſt in. How would it mortify a pretty Lady, to think that that Soul which now informs one of the moſt beautiful Compoſitions in the Creation, would be

for the SNUFF Takers.

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be hereafter condemn'd to animate some frightful Beast, or give Life to a Serpent that creeps on its Belly in the Dust? And that as Multitudes now admire and follow her, they would then be frighten'd at the Sight, especially if they were disfigur'd with Snuff, and fly when she approach'd. The Truth of it is, some Men as well as some Women, exceed Brutes in their Pride or Revenge, especially in this last Vice, both as they have a longer Remembrance of Injuries, and more Thought and Reason to find out the Methods of Vengeance: But this is turning those noble Faculties, by which we are distinguish'd from the inferior World, and allied to Angels, to a Use that debases us below the Beasts that perish. But as this Opinion of Transmigration is now exploded, I should rather recommend the Platonick Notion of Post-Existence (if I may be allow'd the Word) as it is both more useful and reasonable to be consider'd. The *Platonists* believ'd, whatever Habits the Soul contracted during her Residence in the Body, cleav'd to her in her separate State, and became the Instruments of her Delight or Torment, her Happiness or Misery.

But our modern Beaus, and Women, dread no Misery in the World to come, so they can get but a Pinch in this; and tho' they may perhaps despise *Esau's* mean Spirit of selling his Birthright to his younger Brother for a Mefs of Pottage, yet would they be so extravagantly mean as to sell the Right of their Soul to *Old Nick* for a Box of Snuff.

Alas!

Alas! could I once but put out of Countenance the violent Passions that hang about Humanity, I fancy I should have good Nature enough to indulge some few Trifles, in the Fair Sex especially, for I would willingly allow an agreeable Female to flirt her Fan, walk quick, and turn short, provided she did not take Snuff, a constant Use of which made a Man I knew, snuffle thro' the Nose when he talk'd, as if he had been pox'd; and provided again, her Eyes did not grow red, nor her Teeth seem to bite her under-Lip, when she was displeas'd at any Thing; because, Anger is a dangerous Weapon, and wounds with Envy, Hatred, and Revenge; the last of which has something very ugly in the Pronunciation, it is a horrible Uneasiness to the Mind, from whence it spreads like the Plague, and threatens Ruin to all about it.

They may talk what they will of promising and vowing by their Sureties at the Font, that they will renounce the Devil and all his Works, the Poms and Vanities of this wicked World, and all the sinful Lusts of the Flesh; but they shall never perswade me to believe this Promise is kept, whilst every Lady makes a Snuff-Box her Recreation, her Footman makes it his daily Companion, her Laundry-Maid makes it her *Vade-mecum*, and her Scullion-Wench and Turn-Broach, make it as familiar to them as a Sop in the Pan.

Was I to court a Lady who took Snuff, and she solemnly swore she lov'd me, I should
give

for the SNUFF Takers.

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give no more Credit to her Oath, than to one taken by *Will. Fuller*, voted an incorrigible Rogue by Parliament, or any other Knight of the Post: For the Hearts of these Female Snuff-Takers are so much divided betwixt Tea and a Snuff-Box, that their Motions to the Passion of Love, would put a Man to no more Trouble, than the vanquishing perhaps a weak Resistance, without serving the burthenfome Apprenticeship of a Life-long; but our modern Beaux are so far from being ty'd by Matrimony for they know what Term of Years, that they take a Woman but for half an Hour, tho' they often get the *French Disease* by the Bargain, which occasions me to present them with the following Lines in Blank Verse in Praise of the P O X.

*Almighty P O X! your Triumphs here display,
And let the Nation shew your glorious Marks;
For scarce a Family's alive, to shew
One pious Votary in Virtue's School.
Were but their Thoughts, as well as Actions, poxt,
Then the whole Land an Hospital must turn;
And ballow'd be to Blades, who (Ixion like)
Presume, amidst the Height of Wine and Lust,
To ravish the chief Goddesses of the Sky.
That Man shou'd thus intoxicated be!
To spend his Vigour, and his purest Blood,*

PART. II.

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On

On Sports intailing such a foul Disease,
 Which slyly ushers in a gleeting ———,
 Buboes, most painful Shankres, aching Heads,
 A falling Palate, Soreness, rotten Shins,
 And useless Bridge; all Tokens which (in Spite
 Of Flux or Salivation) do foreshew
 A loathsome End will cut the Thread of Life;
 And make the driv'ling Sinner, e'er he dies,
 In wild Confusion, curse the fatal Time
 His Codpiece Passion ——— did inspire,
 To set both Body and the Soul on Fire.

Yet our *English Women*, I am told, are as
 mad for Husbands as they are fond of Snuff-
 Boxes; which make them pin what Faith
 they have upon *Astrologers*, whom they be-
 lieve to have great Knowledge in the Af-
 fairs of Love, by telling Men and Women
 (the Parties to whom *Hymen* shall light his
 Torch) the Time when, and Place where
 they shall tie the Nuptial Knot; but if
 Marriages (according to the old Saying) are
 made, ratify'd, and confirm'd in Heaven,
 I should hardly go to the Devil then for
 a Wife; besides, the *Ast-trologers*, who are
 a Pack of cheating Knaves, can no more
 tell the Fortune of other People, than they
 can their own.

I shall not here impugn the Belief of
 Witches riding full gallop on Broomsticks
 through

for the SNUFF-Takers: 7

through the Air, swimming over Rivers in Kettle-Drums, transforming themselves into the Shapes of a Lions, or a Cat, and making Pigs gruntle, and Screech-Owls hoot oftner than usual; and aver, that *Magicians* or *Necromancers* cannot raise Tempests, Hurricanes, and Storms, force Toads and Ravens to croak, compel double Darkeness to overspread the Hemisphere, Thunder and Lightening to destroy Men and Beasts, Earthquakes to overturn Cities, create frightful Dreams, make Fire languish and turn blue, force Crickets to sing continually round Ovens, oblige warming Pans and Pewter Dishes to dance, cause lock'd Doors to fly open, and rattle in a dreadful Manner, and make Nature sicken and groan, as if she was under the Tortures of universal Ruin; yet if all these Performances were to be acted by Man's Co-operation with infernal Powers, I would not try the Experiment, especially too, since Snuff-taking Women are so good humour'd, as to cohabit with Men without the Sanction of jarring Elements, or robbing the Graves of the Dead, to eat some particular Parts of the Body, to forward the Incantation.

The Road to Matrimony should not be by the Way to Hell and a Snuff-Box, but through the Paths of Peace and Tranquillity; not through Dread and Terror, but in the soft Recesses of Joy and Pleasure; for where Love fixes its Empire, there

Venus mounts her Throne, and where I should pay my Devours to any of the fair Sex, let the Agents of Hell do their worst, I would carry the Prize (provided she took not Snuff) in Spite of Chams and Spells, for Love and Affection will countercharm all the Operations of diabolical Instruments.



DISCOURSE

Sublime & Sup



DISCOURSE II.

Melancholly CONSIDERATIONS
of the Universal POISON, or the
dismal Effects of TEA.



HIS damn'd Exotick, or out-landish Liquor, call'd *Tea*, is so highly pernicious to *England*, that since it has come in Vogue among us, the Women have made a sad demolishing of Mankind; for what with the daily Consumption of that insignificant Commodity, and the Charge of Utenfils to set off the drinking it with a great Decorum and State, unknown to our wise Ancestors, the Charges are so great that our *London Gazettes* were never fill'd with more Bankrupts than now.

As *Adam* and *Eve* damn'd their Posterity, by tasting forbidden Fruit, so the Fops, or Beaux, and the Generality of the Female Sex, both old and young, run themselves into inevitable Ruin and Destruction as fast as they can, with the luxurious drinking of sugar'd Water, taking a Delight to mimick what looks like Quality; and the Pleasure they take

take in it, is either out of a meer Licentiousness, or deprav'd Custom of being fantastical with a great deal of Labour: For alas! what Trouble and Toil, will a Parcel of flatteringly Tatterdemalions take, to pull a Table from one Place to another? How will they puff and blow the Fire to get the Water warm? Whilst others are employ'd in taking the Tea out of the Canister for the Infusion, some slicing out Bread and Butter, others dividing the Sugar, some setting the Spirits in the Lamp on fire; and after all is done, then the Spoons and China Dishes are wash'd clean again for the next Tea-drinkers that shall come a Gossipping; thus as (as the Prophet says) *they weary themselves to commit Iniquity.*

Tea-Drinkers are commonly those Sort of People who call Pride, Decency; and Laciviousness, Impossibility of resisting the Dictates of Nature; two Sins which will infallibly lead them to that infernal Lake where is nothing but Horror, tumultuous and eternal Horror, fiery Chains, flaming Whips, scorching Darkness, tormenting Devils, and burning Souls, howling, roaring, and lamenting, with a mad Rage blaspheming God, in Despair for ever to be receiv'd into his Favour, and for Despite, in being fetter'd by him in those endless Flames, with a desperate Impenitency cursing all Creatures, and especially themselves, tearing in a manner their own Substance, and inviting the furious Fiends to torment them. But if Women are such Fools to make an extravagant, vain, and idle Use of God's Creatures, one would

would think Men, who are of a more Masculine Nature, would not be infatuated with such Effeminacy, which makes them meer Laughing Stocks to the wiser Part of their Sex: But all our Fops must ape forsooth what pleases the Women, in Vindication of whom, sometimes, especially if the Quarrel is about a Mistress, they receive a Tavern-Stab, or such a Home-thrust behind *Montague-House*, which sends their Souls at once on an Errand to the Devil.

I admire our Coal-Heavers, and old Basket-Women, (at whose Mouths there is no coming to a Kiss, because they are so strongly guarded by Nose and Chin almost meeting together,) do not leave their beloved *Geneva*, and take to *Tea*; but as Poverty makes the poorer Sort glad of being drunk, and sent out of the World for a small Matter, so Pride, and a little Money, make Mechanick Wivess imitate (as near as their conceited Imperfections will let them) Gentility; whilst Mercers and Drapers, Journeymen and Prentices affecting Beauship, they, by the auxiliary Helps of the Taylor, Barber, and Perfumer, ingratiate themselves into the Favour of these Tea-Drinkers, who drinking a great deal of Sugar in their warm Water, it makes 'em so good humour'd, as not to deny their Sparks a Game at *Gamar Cook, Gratis*, excepting here and there one of a covetous Disposition, may be akin to *Dana*, whom *Jove* himself could not prevail upon, till he courted her in a Shower of Gold, and that dissolv'd her quickly into Love.

But

But truly *Tea* is become such a common Drug now, that even Women who cry hot Grey-Pease, Fritter-Women, Milk Women, Apple Women, Flat-Caps, Bunters, and all the Scum of the Nation, cannot go to Breakfast without a Dish of it; and our Exchange Girls, and Mantua-Makers, are Devils at this Sort of Lap, guzzling it down as fast as a drunken Tarpaulin will a Can of Flip, a Bowl of Punch, or Sneaker of Arrack. Drinking *Tea*, and unlawful Copulation, are their darling sins, so strongly rivetted to their vile Nature, that tho' these Sweetmeats are commonly attended with the four Sauces of Pox and Poverty, that all the Lectures and Sermons that ever have been, or shall be preach'd against these Vices, will never reclaim them. Alas! Snuff and Tea have such strange Effects upon Women, that it is not long since, that a Protestant Gentleman stole a Jewish Heiress, for she being a great Admirer of Snuff, and Tea too, it made her affect Christian Carnality, before circumcis'd Veneries; upon which the following Song was written, to the Tune, *Quoth the Nux to the Abbess*, &c.

A Young

I.

A Young Jewish Virgin of late, it is said,
Being weary of living any longer a Maid,
Gainst Levitical Laws she longed to joyn,
With one that was not of the Israelites Line :
Gainst Levitical Laws she longed to joyn,
With one that was not of the Israelites Line.

II.

Tho' her Tenets deny'd our Redeemer and Lord,
Yet Christian's Flesh was'nt by Rebecca abhor'd ;
As other young Maidens before her had been,
Pollution with Strangers she deem'd no Sin.
As other young Maidens, &c.

III.

(Vow,

Lest her Father (like Jephtha) shou'd make a rash
She resolved by Marriage some young Man to know :
So willing some Christian shou'd take her as Prize,
Her Heart she resign'd him a just Sacrifice.
So willing some Christian, &c.

IV.

Nay, truly the Off ring of her tender Love,
Was better than Bullocks, young Lambs, or a Dove.
For the rifling a Virgin, is Incense wou'd make
A Christian or Pagan, his Soul lay at Stake.
For the rifling a Virgin, &c.

PART II.

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*And when with a Christian she had Copulation,
 She was not obliged to Purification;
 For 6 Months from Man's Flesh make a Jew's Daugh
 Not only uneasie, but do's Mouth also water.
 For six Weeks, &c.*

VI.

*No Sanctum Sanctorum was found in her
 So any, beside the High-Priest, there might enter;
 Besides, was she hallow'd but once in a Year,
 The Creature besure, wou'd she / many a Tear.
 Besides, was she hallow'd, &c.*

VII.

*Thro' Lattices, in a dull Synagogue peeping,
 Her Heart upon some Christian Gazer was creeping
 For was a bright Cherubim there with Sweet
 flaming,
 Her Amours were beyond all the Limits of taming
 For if a bright Cherubim, &c.*

VIII.

*She lik'd not the Tinkling of Aaron's Bells,
 A Christianiz'd Levite hath Musick excels;
 With this Ring I you wed, hath harmonious
 Charms,
 Which wou'd bring any Jewels to a brisk Chris
 an's Arms,
 With this Ring I you wed, &c.*

IX.

A Jewish Maid's Passion what Pen can describe!
To taste of a Christian she'll abandon her Tribe;
For forbidden Fruit this young Thing was so mad,
That she car'd not for Benjamin, Reuben, or Gad.
For forbidden Fruit, &c.

X.

Therefore all ye circumcis'd Mortals take Care,
That uncircumcis'd People they do not come near
Your Daughters; for if they should Heiresses prove,
'Tis their Portions, by Jove, not their Persons we
love.



Again, I observe, that as the richer Sort of Female Tea Drinkers are extravagantly luxurious, so are they as perniciously luitful, and will destroy as much Cavear, strong Jellies, and other Provocatives, as they do Water and Sugar: And was one to search their private Closets, they would be found to be hung round with Pictures representing all the Amours of Ovid's Heathen Gods, intermix'd with others drawn in very amorous and inviting Postures; as here a beautiful Lady with her Golden Tresses dishevell'd upon her Shoulders, with her Breasts naked; there another drawn putting on her Smock; here another tying her Garter above Knee; and there another stark naked in the Arms of her Gallant. Also search but their Bed-Chambers, and perhaps you may find there a *Bible* and *Common-Prayer-Book*; but then for those two Books of Devotion, you shall see twenty prophane Plays, Novels, and Romances, to qualify them in the Art of Lying, talking obscenely, and Whoring.

A Play-Book, or a Canister, is all the Devotion of a Female Tea-Drinker; and if she goes to Church, she sets herself out to the best Advantage; then entering the House of Prayer, instead of praying, she only stares about, to see what pragmatical Coxcombs stares at her again; or else to observe Fashions, and then, poor Creature! being cloy'd with Wickedness, she falls fast asleep, and whilst she takes a Nap, the Devil rocks the Cradle. This sleeping at Church, puts me in Mind of a Minister, whose Patron being

always addicted to this sleeping Faculty as often as he went to hear the Word of God, the Parson always took this Text, *Can you not watch one Hour?* Which Words repeating often in his Sermon, it caus'd a great Difference betwixt him and his Patron; whereupon King *James* the First hearing the Occasion of the Quarrel, would have the Parson preach before him; when his Majesty oftentimes irreverently moving his Body this way and that way, whilst the Preacher was in his Prayer, he begins his Text thus, *James* i. 6. *Waver not.* However, the King preferring him to a Bishoprick, he then preach'd his Farewel Sermon on this Text, *Sleep on now, and take your Rest.* But yet the notorious Regicide, *Hugh Peters*, who is reported to be as comical a Fellow in a prattling Box, as ever *Daniel Burges* was, had the best Knack, in my Mind, for rousing up a sleepy Audience, by crying out *Fire, Fire*, when the Sleepers in a great Hurry awaking, and crying out, *Where? Where?* He answer'd, *In Hell to burn Sleepers.*

Thus our Tea-drinking Ladies go to Church, not only to make a Shew of being Religious, but also to expose themselves to the View of pert Fops, and impertinent Coxcombs; and as they come out of Pew, or Gallery, and pass over the Kennels in the Streets, the Coats are lifted up high, to shew the handsome Leg and Foot, with a good fine Worsted, or Silk-Pair of Stockings on; by which Means the *Beaux* Mouths watering, as much as if they were eating four Gooseberries, to have the

the whipping of their Worligigs, they will be sure either to dog 'em, or else send their Footmen to see where they live, by which Means they sometimes get a Husband, or Gallant; for 'tis any Tooth, good Barber, with 'em, so they get but any Thing for a Bed-fellow; For let a Tea-Drinker be never so fullen a Prude, she will cry No in Publick, but Yes in private.

*Thus modern Saints exclaim, and grin,
Where Pleasure is the only Sin;
But when broke loose from publick View,
The Bliss they censure, they pursue.*

I have read in *Pliny's Natural History*, of a Sort of People who had no Mouths, but liv'd only by the Smell of Herbs and Flowers; alas! how happy would it be for a great many Men in *England*, whose Wives drink Tea, if they were without Mouths too: Or rather, that their Wives were of the Nature of those *Scythian Flies*, in the River *Hypatia*, which engender in the Morning, fly at Noon, and die at Night. Such a Wife would save a Man a great deal of Money in a Year. Upon my Word, our *English Women* being so much enamour'd with this *Indian Drug*, call'd Tea, when our *Sage of Virtue* is better, make me to believe they were originally begot by the Inhabitants of *Calicut* in the *East-Indies*, who worshipping the Devil, have the Picture of him over their Temples, for he was the Parent of Pride, which damnable Vice, and nothing else, incites People to be

in Love with Sugar and Water. 'Tis true, the *Papists* have particular Saints to pray to for Relief, in divers Afflictions; in the Times of Monckery in this Kingdom, there was scarce a Disease that the Human Body is liable to, but the *Romish* Church had either a Saint, a Charm, a Relick, or a Blessing to encounter with, and subdue it. Thus *St. Roch* was to be pray'd to against the Plague; as may be seen by the many Processions made to his Honour at *Marseilles*, since that Contagion first broke out there; *St. Petronella* against the Toothach, and *St. Mevus* against the Pox. The Belt of *St. Guthback*, and the Felt of *St. Thomas* of *Lancaster*, were accounted sovereign Remedies against the Toothach; the Penknife and Boots of Archbishop *Becket*, with a Piece of his Shirt, were in high Esteem by Women with Child. The Coals that roasted *St. Laurence*, and the Paring of *St. Edmund's* Nails, were held in superstitious Regard. A certain Charm read upon *St. Blaise's* Day, would be attended with some very extraordinary Effects. And they had Blessings for Cramp-Rings, and other Substances. But alas! since the Reformation of Religion begun under King *Henry* the Eighth, we Hereticks in *England*, have no Saint to pray to, no Charm, nor Relick to relieve Husbands from their Wives ruining them with the costly Mode of perpetually drinking *Tea*, which I utterly abhor in either Man or Woman, unless they take it for a Cure of the *French* Disease; for this oriental Drug, (as *Harvey* says, in his *Venus Unmask'd*) moderately

rately eschauffing, desiccating, deterging, and
reiterating, may be allow'd to one one that
has the *Pox*, the only Distemper that can
convert *Tea-Drinkers*, and yet hardly then,
till they die, when Pride falling into the
Earth, the Soul tumbles to him that lost
Heaven for the unpardonable Crime of Am-
bition, which inspir'd him to rise in open
Rebellion against his Maker.



DISCOURSE



DISCOURSE III.

*Smart Reproofs to the LADIES,
who shelter their Virtue under Scarlet
CLOAKS.*



UCH is the strange Omnipotency of Pride in our Nation, that the Women cannot yet absolutely pitch upon what Garb shall make them look most ridiculous; as being ashamed of their Sex, they, contrary to a Statute in that Case provided, most impudently presume to go in Mens Apparel, wearing strait-body'd Coats when they ride on Horseback, and blue Hats. I wonder the *Beaux* don't bring up also the Fashion of blue Perriwigs, whilst the Women again attempt to wear their Husbands Breeches. The Heels of their Shoes are as high, as if they walk'd upon Stilts; and their Straw or Shaving Hats are bent to flap over their Eyes, not so much for preserving their Faces from the Sun's tanning them, as to make Men eager to peep under, to see whether the Person overshadow'd is as handsome as they expect her, according to the Signals of a good Shape,

PART II. E and

22 *Smart Reproofs to the Ladies*

and being well rigg'd about the Heels, which Properties often happen to one as ugly as the late celebrated *Granny*.

It is a common Saying, that fine Feathers make fine Birds; but yet let People say what they please, I am sure the finest Cloaths in *Europe* will never make an ugly Woman handsome; in this Point the Art of a Taylor, Milliner, or a Sempstrefs, cannot exceed Nature. I know, in the Way as Kings and Queens have in courting at a Distance, it is usual to have each others Picture shew'd; but as *Painters* can flatter as well as *Poets*, here Art may be made to outstrip Nature, by drawing the Copy more Beautiful than the Original: As for Instance; our King *Harry* the Eighth's Match with the Duke of *Cleve's* Sister, who seeing her Face far different from the Picture which represented her Person, and withal her uncouth Gestures, and unmannerly Behaviour, usual to the Boorish Countries of *High* and *Low Germany*, quoth he, to the Conductors of her into his Presence, *What have you brought me here, a Flanders Mare?* No, no, as seeing's believing, I should no more take a Wife in-sight unseen, than I would trust an Embassador to bed her first, with the Fence only of a drawn Sword between them. But now, if a Woman is as ugly as a *Succubus*, and can but take Snuff with an uncommon Air, drink Tea with a graceful Decorum, wear a Riding-hood to an exact Depth before as well as behind, and trip it well under a Hoop-Petticoat, she then thinks there's

there's Perfection enough in her, to make every gay thoughtless Coxcomb attack her with the usual Language of Lovers, as oh! my everlasting Charmer, Goddess, Angel, my adorable fair one, dear Ravisher of my Soul, and what not, to gain her Affection? When, on the other Hand, let her be homely or handsome, if he would lay Siege to the Froe, he must lay aside this whining Tone, and assume his manly Voice; and then perceiving he had made no Progress in her Heart in two or three Days Time, bid her adieu with an Air of Scorn and Contempt, and preferring the Defeat of his Passion before being a Votary to the Tyranny of her Empire, she will then beat a Parley, and capitulate according to his own Terms, without any Restrictions at all.

Women dress purposely now-a-days to provoke Men to an Invasion of their Chastity, and to shew they are Soldiers under *Venus*, as well as Men under *Mars* the God of War; they covet the Colour of Blood and Slaughter, by wearing red Riding-hoods both Winter and Summer; so that was you to view the Camp now in *Hyde-Park*, it would puzzle you to tell which made the greatest Army, his Majesty's Forces, or the *Amazons* who daily flock thither, as the *Amazonian* Queen did after *Alexander the Great*, to get a Breed of young Soldiers. Here's a Shopkeeper's Wife, in a Scarlet Riding-hood, entertain'd at Bed and Board for Half a Day in an Officer's Tent, to the great Pain and Torture of her Husband's

Head at Home; there's a buxom Widow, in the same Habit, treating a Drummer to beat the Tattoo upon her Drum; and there's a Pack of Riding-hood Virgins hunting after Stallions, which if any one of 'em should miss to be sure this will be her Dream at Night.

One Night extended on my downy Bed,
 Melting in am'rous Dreams, altho' a Maid,
 My active Thoughts presented to my View
 A Youth undrest, whose charming Face I knew.
 Stript to his Shirt, he sprung to me in white,
 Like a kind Bridegroom on the Nuptial Night:
 And tho' his Linnen Dress Ghost-like appear'd,
 He look'd, alas! too harmless to be fear'd.
 His wishful Eyes exprest his eager Love,
 And twinkled like the brightest Stars above.
 Such modest Blushes stain'd his comely Face,
 That sure no Virgin Innocence cou'd guess,
 By his kind Looks, of ev'ry Grace possest,
 That he cou'd harbour Evil in his Breast.
 Bless me, said I, my Dear, What dost thou mean?
 How came you hitber? Who cou'd let you in?
 Undrest, 'tis Rudeness to approach my Bed;
 Consider, dearest Youth, I am a Maid:
 You'll catch your Death, for Heaven's Sake retire,
 The Weather's cold, and I have got no Fire.

The Virgin's Dream. 25

With that, one Leg between the Sheets he thrust,
Mix'd it with mine, and sighing, cry'd I must——
Then clasp'd me in his Arms; I strove to squeak,
But found I had no Pow'r to stir, nor speak.
My Blood confus'dly in its Channels run,
My Body was all Pulse, my Breath near gone;
My Cheeks inflam'd, distorted were my Eyes,
Whilst my Breath swell'd with Passion and Surprise,
And still in vain I strove to make a Noise,
Something methought I felt that stopt my Voice,
And did at last such Tides of Joy impart,
That glided thro' each Vein, and fill'd my Heart,
Recall'd my dying Senses back again,
And with a Flood of Pleasure drown'd my Pain.
Thus for a Time I lay dissolv'd in Bliss,
As if translated into Paradise:
But as no drowsie Virgin e'er cou'd find
Delights so charming, and a Touth so kind,
And not awake, when of a sudden blest
With melting Joys, too great to be express'd;
So I, unable to preserve so strong
An Impress of my loving Sweetheart long,
Awak'd much frighted, felt about my Bed,
But found alas! my loving Ariel fled,
And all those luscious Pleasures gone and past,
Which seem'd, indeed, too exquisite to last.

I mourn'd

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*I mourn'd the Loss, yet felt some small Remains
Of the kind Warmth, still sporting in my Veins;
Altho' my Love was vanish'd, yet I vow,
I found my self all o'er I knew not how.
Thought I, if working Fancy in the Night,
Can give me, in a Dream, such sweet Delight,
What must two Lovers, in a mutual Flame,
Possess, when waking they repeat the same:
Dear Sweetheart come, for I'm resolv'd to try
The Substance, since the Shadow yields such Joy.*

It is confidently reported by the Female Sex, that the Maid who wears a Red Riding-Hood, whether Cloth, Calimancoe, or Sattin, shall as surely dream on her Sweetheart, as see him on St. Agnes's Night, by fasting all Day, putting on a clean Smock in the Evening, and then spreading the Table with some Viands for the kind Reception of him. Oh! the Credulity of the Feminine Kind is very great in Matters of Love; and they bear a Part in the three infernal Degrees of Comparison, which are Pride, a Woman, and the Devil.

So long as a Woman and Old-Nick are in a particular League and Alliance together, Pride will never have its Exit in England; it is a spreading Evil, far more dangerous than the King's Evil, for this can only afflict the Body, whereas the other destroys both Body and Soul at one Blow.

Besides,

Besides, it is said that the King's Evil has been sometimes cur'd by the Royal Touch, tho' not by a supernatural Gift, or by a miraculous Operation, granted by Heaven to King *Edward* the Confessor, and his Successors; since it has happen'd that no Conduct in the Lives of some of them might be thought sufficient to recommend them to the Privilege of doing any Thing supernatural. As the Royal Touch was brought into Vogue in the grossest Times of Popery, and therefore not so efficacious as reported by the Monks of old, we may cease to wonder that King *William* the Third, Queen *Mary* the Second, and his present Majesty King *George*, never Touch'd for the Cure of this Distemper. By this we plainly see, it is not plac'd in the Hereditary Right of Succession, nor in the Profession of the *Romish* Faith, nor in the Sign of the Cross, nor in the Ceremonies, nor in the Gold given at the Time of Touching, but in that internal Power, or Agent, the Force of Imagination, operating upon the Animal Spirits. However, let the King's Evil be cur'd as it will, I'll appeal to the learned College of Physicians, whether some ingenious Men of this Age, which has learnt to reduce every Thing to the Standard of Truth, might not find out a *Catholicon*, or universal Remedy, for curing the *Womens Evil*, which is Pride: Such an Experiment, grounded upon infallible Rules, would be as beneficial to this Nation, as the Invention of the Longitude: And truly, the Cure of the *Women's Evil*, I fancy, may be perform'd too, by the Touch

28 *Smart Reproofs to the Ladies.*

Touch of any Man's Hand, that can apply with a strong Arm, a Bull's Pizzle, to the Back of his Wife, or Daughter. And if touching either of 'em to the Quick, as often as he finds the Distemper comes upon 'em, will not restore them to Health; why then Phlebotomy, and Shaving in *Bedlam*, with the light Diet of Water-Gruel, and Bread and Butter, on a Truss of Straw, may, perhaps, bring them to a due Sense of the damnable Sin of a proud Heart, whereby they may become sincere Penitents, before (as Mr. Paul Lorrain, the late Ordinary of *Newgate*, was wont to tell his condemn'd Disciples) *they went hence, and were no more seen.*



DISCOURSE



DISCOURSE IV.

*Considerations upon the Modern Skreen
for a Great Belly, vulgarly call'd
a Hoop-Petticoat.*

A Lewd Woman being call'd a Har-
lot, I know has its Derivation from
Arlet, the Mother of *William the*
Bastard, otherwise call'd, (though
falsly) *The Conqueror*; and I know also, that the
Emperor of *Germany*, by Way of Irony, is
call'd *Rex Regnum*, because there's not a King
in *Europe*, but what can cope with him; the
King of *Spain* call'd *Rex Hominum*, because he
has not a *Spaniard* in his Dominions that durst
fight an *Englishman* hand to hand fairly; and
the *French* King call'd *Rex Asinorum*, because
his Subjects can passively bear any Yoke he
puts upon them; but why the King of *Great*
Britain should be call'd *Rex Diabolorum*, wants
an *OEdipus* to unfold: Nor can I truly, for
the Heart's Blood and Guts of me, imagine,
why the Monarchs of this Country should bear
such a Title, unless from the Manners of their
Subjects; for the rebellious Ingratitude of the
Part II. F Men

Men nothing but the Axe and Tyburn can tame; and the Pride of their Wives and Daughters is equal to that of the Fallen Angels.

PRIDE among the Women is now ascended to the *Zenith*, or Meridian Height of Exorbitancy; but when it will descend, or set from the Sight of an humble Modesty, the Lord of *Oxford* knows, for I don't. PRIDE is so predominant among us, that even old Women, with one Foot in the Grave, and the other but just out, must have a monstrous Hoop Petticoat, which makes them look like so many *Irish* Bull-beggars, or rather more frightful than Death's Head upon a Mop-stick. And then for the young Women, good Heavens! to what a Wideness do they wear their Hoop-Petticoats? To a Wideness of 18 or 20 Feet! nay, the Circumference of them are so large, that it would puzzle *Whiston*, the *Arrian*, or a better Mathematician, to find out the exact Centre of their Bellies: I say again, it would puzzle such Men as these to prick in the Ladies Lottery-Books: It must certainly put an illiterate Beau to a *Ne plus ultra*, to find out what little Children call the *Parsley Bed*; for most of our Beaux and Fops now a-Days have scarce any more Guts in their Brains, than the People of that barbarous Nation, who apprehended, try'd, convicted, condemn'd, and ript up the Belly of an Ass, to recover the Moon out of his Belly; for that simple Animal drinking at a River, where that nocturnal Planet had reflected in the Water, and presently disappearing, by being muffled up in the Obscurity of a black Cloud, they unanimously concluded

concluded the poor Beast had swallow'd up Madam *Luna* for a Supper.

I heartily wish our young Ladies would seriously consider, that Youth and Beauty daily wears away, and their Faces will at last be as much furrow'd with the Wrinkles of old Age, as their Hoop Petticoats are sometimes daggl'd with Dirt: But this Advice they will not take, because, as the Physicians have lately found out the Art of inoculating the *Small Pox*, they say, (as I am inform'd) some great Virtuoso of the *Royal Society* is upon promoting an Experiment of inoculating Youth and Beauty upon Men and Women older than *Parr*, who liv'd in the Reigns of ten Princes, and play'd at Bo-peep with Death, 'till he was 152 Years of Age, as may be seen by the Inscription on his Gravestone in *Westminster Abbey*. Now as for the Inoculation of the *Small Pox*, I can no way be reconcil'd to it, since I have known several to dye under that Operation; which is the highest Presumption that Men can be guilty of, in attempting to break into the sole Prerogative of the Sovereign of the whole Earth, who is the Disposer of Health and Sicknes, and with whom only are the Issues of Life and Death. Whatever these poor unhappy Creatures may do in foreign Countries, who worship false Gods, who neither can procure or prevent the Disease, or preserve when under the Disease; I truly pity them, but where the Light of the Gospel is shining amongst us, other Methods may be us'd for curing the *Small Pox*, than that so lately found out. Indeed I cannot see the Good intended

by it, for 'tis directly running before we are sent; and the Operators cannot affirm, that the Persons they inoculate shall never have any other Sort, than the best or distinct Sort which they only take. Now, if they, by their Invention, cannot prevent the Patients, for the future, having the confluent, pray what Good is secur'd, or Evil prevented? Besides, I think if they prove the best Sort, God may in Justice inflict the worst; for the Proverb is true to Perfection in this Case, *That when Men propose, God disposes*. Moreover, as one Person may have the *Small Pox* twice, I think the Operation is unnecessary; and if the Patient should miscarry, it must occasion sad Grief to the Relations, though none to the Practitioner, who is no more concern'd at the Spectacles of Mortality, than a Grave-digger, or the common Hangman.

But now I have found out an infallible Method for inoculating Youth and Beauty in all old hatched-fac'd Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, which is a *Recipe* worth all the Gold of *Mexico* and *Peru*, and is as follows. The first Thing you do in the Morning, after you are up, enter your Closet, and there devoutly offer up your Prayers to your Creator; after you come out, instead of recreating yourself with Snuff and Tea, refresh yourself with somewhat good and wholesome, not costly and fantastick; then repair to the House of Prayer, give Alms to the Poor, be loving to your Neighbours, humble, chaste, meek, and modest; and by this Means you may be every Day younger and younger in Sin; and, was you

you to live to the Age of *Mehuselab*, always beautiful in the Sight of Heaven.

But why talk I of Devotion and Godliness to the Beaux and Ladies of this most degenerated Age, when Avarice for the propagating Lust and Pride, would make them fall down, and worship the Image of a *Nero*; nay, of a Devil, rather than want the single Penny that bears it? Their Prudence consists in not daring to take up the Cross, and follow their Saviour, lest he or she should become *Felo de se*, accessory to their own Death; and they seem so much to grudge the poor Brute Animals their Irrationality, that to share with them, they endeavour, by a sordid Sensuality, to degrade themselves into Beasts, or at least to become as like one as Humanity will permit them. As the *Polypus* is said to be always of the same Colour with the neighbouring Object, or as the Looking-Glass reflects as many different Faces as are obviated to its Superficies, so a modern Beau, or Gentlewoman, is not properly one, but any Body, of the Religion, if they have any at all; and the Humour and Fashion of their Companions, as near as his or her Weakness will permit to imitate them. Again, I say, our modern Beaux and Ladies would be thought as much Sovereigns of the Universe, as they are Slaves to their own Pride and Ambition; they walk up and down so wantonly and affectedly, as if they intended thereby principally to demonstrate to the World their great Perfections and Excellency in taking much Pains to do amiss: They think that all the Blessings of Heaven (though a Crown

Crown of Glory be one of them) can add nothing to their conceited Honour; but for this one Reason, a Beau nor Lady, whether young or old, will never make it their Business to go thither, because he and she justly despair of being the best Man and Woman there. These are they who think it no Injustice to rob the whole World, and rifle the Storehouse of Nature, to adorn their vile Bodies, and humour their Palates; to wear the Portions and Livelihoods of (I know not how many) Orphans and Widows in a Perriwig or Hoop Petticoat; and carry the Lives and Fortunes of many languishing Souls upon their Fingers. In fine, it will be an everlasting Subject to write on these diminutive Animals; therefore I shall conclude with a SATYR upon the *Rise and Progress* of PRIDE, which take as follows:

A Lonesome, rude, and undigested Heap,
 Hush'd in the Silence of a sluggish Sleep,
 Was once the Prospect sacred *Godhead* view'd,
 Before a *Fiat* their Commands pursu'd;
 This Pile did in the deepest Darkness dwell,
 But how the *Matter* came, I cannot tell;
 Unless a World before this World was made,
 And for some Sin was in those Ruins laid.

Now God resolving what he did decree,
 Upon the Mountains of *Eternity*,

Should

A Satyr against Pride.

39

Should come to pass; from his all glorious Seat,
He ey'd the *Chaos*, lying under Feet:
Ethereal Substances did then create,
Upon the glorious *Trinity* to wait,
Praises to chant, and *Allelujahs* sing,
To Father, Son, and Paraclete, their King.
But *Pride*, (which makes Man with Damnation
swell)

Incited new-made Beings to rebel;
Conspiring Angels to Rebellion prone,
By Force of Arms would seize *Jehovah's* Throne;
Proud *Lucifer*, for Sovereignty inflam'd,
A Civil War in Heav'n above proclaim'd;
Attempting to usurp that Royal Sway,
Which Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell itself obey:
But GOD exasperated with a Rage,
(Which nothing but Destruction could assuage)
The holy Hosts for Battle all prepare,
Apostate Spirits sacred Powers dare:
Angels, Archangels, and bright Cherubims,
With flaming Troops of faithful Seraphims,
Who, cloth'd in Wrath, the *Empyrean* Camp
alarm,
And summon all but DEITY to arm.

The

40 *A Satyr against Pride.*

The Eccho (which with horrid Sounds affright
 The Rebels of an everlasting Night)
 No sooner flies, on winged Speed Abroad,
 But most are ready to defend their Lord:
 The great Saint *Michael*, at his Maker's Feet,
 Receiving Orders, does the Dragon meet;
 And then with Wrath the Armies both engage,
 In Crouds of Terrors on the dreadful Stage;
 Disorder rages, and Confusions fly,
 About the Convex of the Throne on high;
 Doubtful Success for some time neuter stood,
 Whilst sacred Plains seem dy'd with Angels Blood.
 But the Almighty Ruler, urg'd to see
 Created Beings aim at Sovereignty,
 The Voice of Thunder from his Mouth proceeds,
 And damn'd them all for their ambitious Deeds.
 The Scale was quickly turn'd, and *Lucifer*,
 Whose Glory once out-vy'd the Morning-Star,
 With his Confed'rates are in Tortures hurl'd,
 T' inhabit all an uncreated World:
 Thus we may see th' Original of Sin
 Did first in Heaven, not on Earth begin.

But many Hours did they not reside
 On this rude Mass, for their infernal *Pride*,

E're

A Satyr against Pride. 41

E're GOD propos'd to himself to make
A *World*, so sent them to a sulph'rous Lake,
To plunge their Insolence in endless Flame,
Eternal Miseries and cursed Shame.
Then was there [by his Saying, *Let there be*]
An Earth created, Firmament, and Sea;
The golden Planet now runs through the Spheres,
And limits Time out by revolving Years;
The silver Moon a monthly Circuit rides,
Dominion claiming over Men and Tides:
In Air serene, the feather'd Train do Praise
Their blest Creation in harmonious Lays:
The harmless Beasts, which could not then annoy
Mankind, did skip about the Fields for Joy;
Whilst Whales, upon the Surges of the Sea,
Declare the wondrous Works of Deity.

Yet GOD's Intent not perfect with his Will,
His Promise with his Equals to fulfill,
The late celestial Ruins to repair,
He made refined Clay his Image wear,
Producing from his Side a beauteous Wife,
Partner of Bliss, and of immortal Life;
In pleasant *Eden* plac'd the marry'd Pair,
To worship him in Offerings and Prayer,

E're

G

'Till

42 *A Satyr against Pride.*

'Till such a Change, (which was no Slave to Fate,
 As yet unborn) their Persons did translate,
 To that eternal Residence above,
 Where Peace triumphs in everlasting Love:
 But Satan envying Man's immortal Life,
 His blessed State, and Comforts of a Wife,
 The Serpent's Shape his Malice takes and roves,
 Thro' the Meanders of the hallow'd Groves,
 'Till he had found out too believing Eve,
 Whom he before had study'd to deceive:
 And when the tender Prey the Dev'l did see,
 He twists his circling Trunk about the Tree;
 Forbidden Fruit his impious Mouth profan'd,
 His Wrath infernal sacred Laws disdain'd;
 Perswading her, if she should pluck and eat,
 She'd be translated to a better Seat;
 Become a Goddess, equal to the GODS
 That aw'd her Longing with his threat'ning Rods;
 Should never taste the Cup of Death, but be
 Proclaim'd the Queen of Immorality.
 These golden Promises allur'd Desire,
 And Eve for Godhead quickly did aspire;
 She pluck'd and eat, and pluck'd and eat again,
 In Hopes that Angels might support her Train;
 Ambition,

Ambition, (that dry Thirst of Honour) made
Her Will the Land of Discontent invade;
And that she might then by herself be sham'd;
For Company she had her Husband damn'd,
By wheedling him, with am'rous Charms, to taste
The Fruit which wou'd their noble Blessings blast.
But they no sooner had defil'd the Tree,
Forewarned to be touch'd by Deity,
'Ere God expell'd them from the blessed State,
As Rivals which would *Godhead* emulate;
And *Cherubims* (when doom'd to this Disgrace)
With Flaming Swords did guard the Holy Place:
Suppos'd to stand, where *SOL* (who measures *Time*)
With glorious Rays enlightens the sweet Clime
Three Hours full, before his Horses Hoof
Do touch the Culmen of our *Northern Roof*.

Now made, thro' the malicious *Serpent's* Breath,
The first-born Children of insulting Death:
The fallen Pair bewail their grand Mistake,
And rove the Earth that's cursed for their Sake;
Too soon they sacrific'd their Progeny
To divers Sorrows, Grievs, and Misery;
For on the Surface of this spacious Stage,
Sharp Famine, Sword, and Pestilence did rage:

44 *A Satyr against Pride.*

Adam is cloath'd, but *Virtue* naked lies,
 Expos'd to *Satan's* curst Treacheries;
 Vices he introduces to the World,
 'Till Wrath divine upon Mankind is hurl'd,
 By drowning all (except one chosen Eight,
 Preserved in an Ark to propagate)
 In such a terrible and merc'less Flood,
 Which bore a Crimson Dye of human Blood:
 Yet this Example cou'd not Vices quell,
 And keep them in their native Orb of Hell;
 For after winged Time, with his swift Pace,
 From few to many had retriev'd our Race,
 Confounding Man with various Languages,
 Who did the mighty GOD of GODS displease,
 By building a stupendious Tow'r, to rise
 Above the Concave of the lofty Skies;
 Nor curst *Sodom*, which for sinning Sake,
 Was chang'd at once into a sulph'rous Lake;
 And *Pharaoh's* Drowning in the crimson Sea,
 For contradicting of the Deity,
 Were Judgments that do here the Wicked scare,
 Nor Mercy win the Souls he's pleas'd to spare;
 Which makes me think their Crimes do aggravate
 Vengeance, to plague them in a future State,

A Satyr against Pride. 45

In unextinguishable endless Pain,
'Till Torture does of torturing complain.

It was not *Nature, Fortune, Chance, or Fate,*
Which are but Names of Things inanimate;
That form'd the Globe, whose Workmanship is
rare,

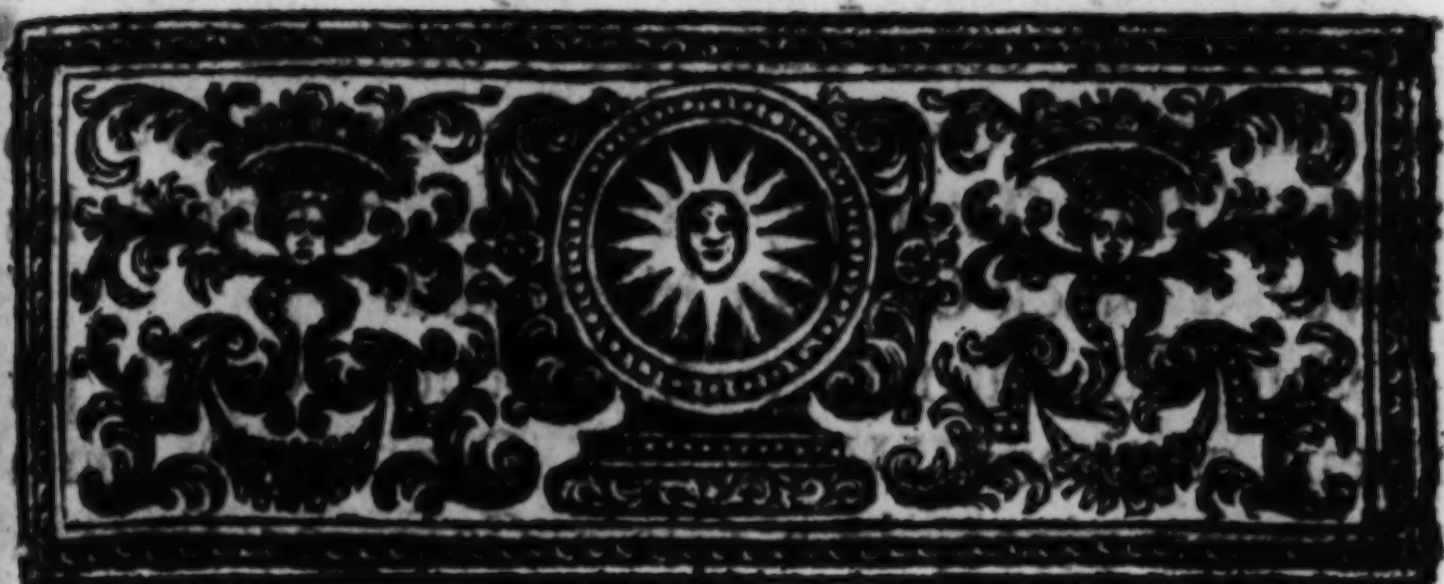
And hangs on *Nothing*, in the limpid Air:
The daily Crosses of the Moon, the Sun,
And twinkling Stars, which orderly do run,
Do shew to any Man of solid Sense,
That they are govern'd all by Providence,
The Instrument of ELOHIM above,
That's fix'd to an eternal Chain of Love;
Yet how do we affront this gracious God,
And both with Lust and Pride outdare his Rod?
The *Beau* is daily hunting after Mirth,
And in Pursuit of Sin may curse his Birth;
Before the Down adorns his tender Chin,
By some enticing Harlot's taken in,
Who may with Patch and Paint seem wondrous
fair,

Altho' her Poxed Breath infects the Air;
Decoying Cully with enchanted Charms,
As grasping him within her circling Arms,

'Till

'Till Touches, most unchast, do make him run,
To taste those Joys, which Chastity would shun:
And to provoke his lustful Appetite,
Which in a Bed defiled takes Delight,
She shews her languishing by wishful Eyes,
Melts him with Kissing, Sighs, and panting lies;
But eager Vigour having done its best,
He gasping lies upon the Strumpet's Breast;
And with the fatal Minute's Sport quite cloy'd,
He loaths the Mistress that he has enjoy'd;
Yet, what is worse, his lustful Heart to please;
Gives Gold, or Silver, for the *French* Disease.
As mortal Man should thus bewitched be,
To shorten Life with filthy Lechery!
To cherish Sicknes, and destroy his Wealth,
And live regardless of his Ease and Health.
Ye Women too, who rove about *Hyde-Park*,
To pick up some unthinking am'rous Spark;
From Childhood learn to shew your Modesty;
Despise a *Snuff-Box*, and your Darling *Tea*;
Red *Riding-Hood*, contemn, and *Petticoats*
Whose *Hoops* shew Lust exceeding that of *Goats*;
And think that for these damn'd Effects of *Pride*,
The *Beaux* and *You* will to the Devil ride.

DISCOURSE



DISCOURSE V.

On the Extravagancy of a LADY'S TOILET.

AMONG other Vanities and useless Things, admir'd by extravagant Ladies, is a TOILET; wherefore Moses might well say, That a Woman was made to be an Helper unto Man, because she helps to spend and consume that which Man painfully gets; besides, as a Woman, if she is marry'd, will go dress'd gay and gaudy, like a Peacock, the contented Cuckold, her Husband, must walk about like a Woodcock; yet Men cannot beware of the Devil, until they are plagu'd with his Dam, who standing upon her Beauty, fine Foot, or pretty Hand, these Gifts of Nature inspire her Pride to make her Husband's Purse to be always open, to feed her Fancy with the superfluous Expences of Snuff, Tea, a red Riding

ding Hood, a Hoop-Petticoat, blue Hat, or a Toylet; or otherwise her Forehead will be as full of Frowns, as if she threaten'd to make Clubs Trumps, tho' her Husband has never a black Card in his Hand.

Our Forefathers and Mothers could put their earthern Ware in a Cupboard, on a Chimney-piece, in a Glass Case, or some other Place out of the Way; but now forfooth here must be a Part of a Dining-Room, or Parlour taken up with a Table fill'd with *China-Ware*; and for Fear the Dust should fall upon it, a Toilett must be spread over the brittle Stuff, made of fine Sarcenet, flower'd Damask, or rich Tissue, furbelow'd round with Gold or Silver Fringe, or else with *Mechlin* or *Flanders* Lace, not Point of *Venice*, because that has been out of Fashion (tho' made by the sanctify'd Hands of Nuns) these thirty Years and better. This, I think, is Pride and Vanity, to the highest Degree; such Pride and Vanity, (I say again) that plainly shew, that the Female Sex proceeded from the —
Moreover, a proud Woman commonly proves a Whore, which Sort of Cattle is known three Ways; *First*, by her wanton Looks; *Secondly*, by her Speech; and *Thirdly*, by her Gate: Unhappy then are the Men who have such Wives; for besides picking their Pockets to supply the Wants of their Stallions, they will be most Part of an Afternoon painting themselves, frizzling their Hair, and prying in their Glasses, like Apes; then away she trips it to the *Play-house*, *Cupid's Gardens*, or the *Spring-Garden*,

of a Lady's Toilet. 49

Garden, to Beveridge's Dancing-School, some Masquerade, or a Three-penny Hop, where, if she smiles on any of the Fops, they presently think she's over Head and Ears in Love with them; then one must wear her Glove, another her Garter, and another her Handkerchief, whilst another shall spend and live on the Spoil which she gets from her Husband and Gallants: So if any Man is willing to give his Body to the Surgeons, and his Soul to the Devil, why then I say such a Woman is his fittest Diet.

Solomon, in his Character of a good Woman, tells us, *That she seeks Wool and Flax, and works diligently with her Hands; that she is like the Merchant-Ships, and brings her Food from far; that she considers a Field, and bags it; and with the Fruit of her Hands plants a Vineyard, &c.* And lest this should seem to be the Character of a mean Country Dame, he adds, *That her Household is clothed in Scarlet, and that her Husband sits among the Elders of the Land.*

It were easy to produce many Instances from History of the advantageous Management and active Industry of some Wives, not only with Respect to single Families, but to whole Nations; of which nothing can be a more eminent Instance, than the Accounts we meet with in the Roman History. It stands to this Day upon Record, That when the Roman Empire was in the very Height of its Glory, that Augustus himself rarely wore any Thing but what was of the Manufacture of his Wife, his Daughter, and his Neices, &c. Now should the gay Ladies of our Days, these

H Toilet-

Part II.

Toilet-Madams, which, to keep up the Metaphor, neither toyl, nor spin, nor gather into *Barns*, be excus'd from furnishing others, and only left to cloath themselves, 'tis much to be doubted they reverse the Parallel of *Solomon's* Glories; and no Beggar, in all her Rags would be array'd like one of these.

Besides the Charges and Ostentation of a Toilet, here must be Corner-Cupboards furnish'd with useless Knick-knacks, and there Peer-Glasses for the Women to see how they can shew more Postures, when naked, than were ever seen acted by lewd Women at the celebrated Bawdy - Houses kept by Madam Box in *Fountain - Court*, and Madam Cosins in *Milford-Lane*, both in the *Strand*; or in the noted Stews and Brothels of Mr. Bewley, *Creswell*, and *Stratford*. These are the Wives who impoverish their own Husbands by their Luxury and Pride; let them have their Will, they will then be quiet; and a Woman quiet upon such an Account can seem no otherwise to the Man, than that he's riding an ambling Horse to Hell; whilst she that is cross and froward, because she cannot be pamper'd in her Pride, makes her Husband think that he is riding a trotting Horse to the Devil: However, it is better for him to have her ill Will than her Love, which latter perhaps might soon bring him to peep thro' the Iron Gates of old King Lud's Fabrick, or *Whittington's College* in *Newgate Street*.

The great Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul, says, *Those that marry do well, but those that marry not do better*; which is a true Aphorism

of a Lady's Toilet. 51

in Point of Matrimony, considering how bad Women are by Nature; which made *Solomon* to propound in his Time this Question, *Who can find a Virtuous Woman?* Prov. xxxi. 10. Not but I'll allow there have been good of that Sex in former Ages, as that most gracious and glorious Queen of all Womankind, the blessed Virgin *MARY*, the Mother of all Bliss, whose humble Mind, and her Pains and Love unto our Saviour *Christ*, has won her eternal Honour; *Sarah*, who among many other good Qualities, bore an earnest Love to her Husband, whom she call'd Lord; and *Susannah* stands upon the Records of endless Fame for her Chastity: But these Ladies wasted not their Time in taking Snuff, drinking of Tea, dressing, nor displaying what's under a Toilet; but what Leisure they had from Business of Necessity, they spent in holy Duties.

We have no such Devotionists now, therefore avoid Marriage, whether it is with Maid or Widow, but especially the latter Sort; for he that marries a Widow and three Children, matches himself to four Thieves. The *Papists* affirm, that Heaven is won by *Purgatory*; but in my Mind a Man shall never come into a worse *Purgatory*, than to be match'd with a froward Widow. I vow it is a sad Thing to get into the *Parson's* Noose; for if the Wife should be (as they all generally are, at this Time of Day) addicted to Pride, she will ruin her Husband in Apparel; the Bills of *Tailors*, *Sempstresses*, *Milliners*, *Glovers*, *Hosiers*, and *Shoemakers*, will bring an Inundation of Poverty upon him, out of which he must swim, as

well as he can, whilst his Wife, in her rich Attire, haunts Feasts and merry Meetings; where she impudently shews her best Skill in Dancing and Singing, and playing on the Cassettes, Harpsichord, or Spinnet, which makes her courted and commended by a Crew of lusty Gallants, who all strive to exceed each other, in serving, loving, and pleasing her; one attacks her in sugar'd Terms, and some pleasant Discourse, painting his Affections with the hyperbolical Eloquence of *Lovers*; another privately invades her Person, with squeezing her Hand, and treading on her Foot, as Signals of making an Affignation to enjoy her Company by herself; another eyes her with piercing and languishing Looks, making his pitiful Countenance the Herald of his Passion; and perhaps another, who is most likely to speed, bestows upon her a Diamond Ring, a Bracelet of Rubies, rich Pendants, or Gold Locketts, which brings her to his Arms at once.

Innumerable are the Inconveniencies of a Man that has a proud Wife; for being once plung'd in the perplexing Pond, or rather Pound of Wedlock, if he has Children, (for many Women are as pregnant as the *German Countess* that was brought to Bed of an *Almanack*) and they should be the worst Sort, Girls, they taking after the Mother, will consume their Father's Substance upon Tea, Snuff, and fine Cloaths, &c. or else turn Whores, if he will not maintain them in Idleness and Extravagancy. If a Man marries a Woman above him in Birth and Fortune, and denies

of a Lady's Toilet. 53

denies her in any Thing, what her Pride and Ambition shall crave, she'll cuckold him in Spite of his Teeth, to get her fine Cloaths by her Tail; and values no more the Disgrace, than a Country Squire, or Justice of the Peace, doth to stain his Gentility with the Droppings of Ale: If he marries a Woman that will, *nolens volens*, wear the Breeches, he will be as bad plagu'd as if she was troubled without a Cause, with the Spanish Rage of Jealousy; but being got into *Lobs Pound*, he must patiently bear her Insults, and Sorrows, till Death puts an End to him and them together. If a Man should have a covetous Wife, one that will save what he has, yet will she for Profit be lavishing of her Chastity, and will be as greedy after the Presents of Gallants, as a rich Shopkeeper's Widow after the Blood of a Gentleman's younger Brother, to make her a Gentlewoman. If a Woman loves gadding Abroad, then her Husband will be plagu'd with unnecessary Charges, besides several other Vexations by the Way; for if he rides out with her, sometimes her Stirrup is too long, sometimes too short, so he must often alight to make it fit; sometimes she'll wear her Cloak, or Riding-Hood, sometimes not, and then he must carry it; sometimes she finds Fault with her Horses trotting, which makes her sick; then will she alight, and walk on Foot, leaving him to lead the Horses; within a While after, they come to a Water, then must he be troubled to help her up again; sometimes she can eat nothing that is in the Inn; then must he (tho' weary with riding

54 *On the Extravagancy*

riding all Day) trudge up and down the Town to find something that will please her Stomach; all which notwithstanding, she is not satisfy'd with her Husband's Obsequiousness: And to mend the Matter, her Gossips will be flouting and jeering, saying, he is no good Woman's Man; which is true enough, for, was his Wife a good Woman, she would never put her Husband to Expences for her often gadding. If a Man marries a curs'd scolding Quean, he is wedded to the Devil; if he marries a Woman given to all Kind of Pleasures, to vindicate her unlawful Amours with Gallants, she, Right or Wrong, accuses her Husband of Impotency; if a Woman should meet with an over-kind Husband, though she keeps a Stallion under his Nose, he has such good Opinion of his Wife's Virtue, that he will not believe she cuckolds him. If a Man goes to Sea, he may surely expect his Wife will graft a Pair of Horns on his Head before he comes home; And if a Man marries a young Woman, given over to all Kind of Wantonness, he must suffer her to have her Will in all Things, and be in a manner subject to her exorbitant Humour, spending the Remnant of his Life in Care, Fear, Discontent, Grief, and his Goods wasting he knows not how, whilst he himself becomes a Laughing-Stock to the World.

Let a Man marry what *Woman* he pleases, she will be poison'd and corrupted with some of the abovesaid ill Qualities; insomuch, that the Pulpit proves as ineffectual towards reclaiming the Vices of the Female Sex, as Sa-
tire,

of a Lady's Toilet. 55

fire, tho' it has never so sharp a Sting, doth
the Amendment of their Honesty and good
Manners. Their Pride, Lust, and Inconstancy,
inspires me to think, that *Women* have the In-
gredient of the *Fallen Angels* in their Compo-
sition. Tell me what *Woman* will not turn
Whore for a Pinch of Snuff, a Dish of Tea, a
red Cloak, or Riding-Hood, a Hoop-Petti-
coat, or a fine embroider'd Toilet? Then ha-
ving forfeited her Virtue and Honour for a
Trifle, she becomes the *Wonder* of honest Peo-
ple, the *Tennis-Ball* of Misfortune, toss'd to
and fro, like a Shuttlecock, up and down the
World with *Woe* upon *Woe*; yea, ten thousand
Woes will be galloping hard at her Heels, and
pursue her wheresoever she goes; for those
of ill Report cannot stay long in a Place, but
rove and wander about the *World*, and yet
ever unfortunate, prospering in nothing, for-
saken, and cast out of all civil Companies,
and still in fear, lest Authority with the Sword
of Justice should deprive them of Liberty:
Lo! thus their Lives are despis'd, walking
like Night-Owls and Bats in Misery; and no
Comfort shall be their Friend, but only Re-
pentance coming too late, and over-dear
bought.

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